

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance
by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER III.

Richard Dempster had never entirely trusted Hutchinson. Although he had been a member of his firm for years he had never made him a partner, and the utmost he had done was to allow him a very liberal salary, and a commission on what he had made. Therefore it was not a difficult matter to get rid of him; but the interview between the three men was one which neither forgot.

Alan Mackenzie, who, as he told Veronica, wanted no one to do his dirty work, was present, and unfolded document after document of incriminating matter. If he had not made the discovery it would have come to it that the Brazilian government would have arranged the firm of Dempster on the charge of selling firearms to the insurgents. Richard Dempster knew that the confidence in them would be shaken unless he behaved firmly. He dismissed Hutchinson, offering him no consolation; the man must consider himself disgraced. His imprecations against Mackenzie were deep and terrible.

Alan would not have cared if it had not been for Veronica. After all, the man was Veronica's father, although the girl had never rightly understood why she had never been acknowledged. There was a mystery which Hutchinson alone knew, but he was a quiet and reserved man, steeped to the brim in plots, and he could be dangerous, as quiet people alone can.

Dempster's address to Hutchinson were short. "You would have betrayed me," he said to the man who had been in his employ for years, more years than he cared to think, "if it had not been for Mackenzie! My word has always been well thought of until now, my firm an honorable one; but you would have dragged me down!"

Hutchinson said nothing, but glared at Mackenzie. "That young cur!" he said, "but I will be even with him yet!"

When it came to saying goodbye to Alan it was another affair. The older man had taken a great liking to Alan; he had full confidence in him.

"Look here, my lad," he said, "I shan't leave you at Santa Rosa—I'm not sure it will be worth your powder and shot; but to there now, and I will move you on to San Lago in a little while."

Alan thanked him and went. His head was full of Veronica. The girl was about to show her confidence in him in the fullest way a woman can. True she was leaving nothing but unkindness and tyranny; but Veronica was young and very beautiful, and many men would have rejoiced to have secured her for life.

He had made all arrangements for the girl. She was to leave Rio at once and go and wait for him at Santa Rosa. He had sent her money, and had found a lady who would look after her until he came to claim her for himself. They would be married at once, and he would begin his life there as a married man. He was looking forward to this new life. He wanted a companion—a woman. Sometimes he felt that, if it had been possible, he would have preferred a woman who would demand more of him, for as long as he was simply joined to Veronica she was perfectly happy. Poor child! she had had so much unkindness in her short life, for she was but seventeen!

Alan Mackenzie was not a man who makes plans that come to naught. Before another three months were over he was established at Santa Rosa, married to Veronica. She had a surprise in store for him. She told him that Hutchinson had come home from the momentous interview vehemently abusing Alan.

He had stood up for him, and then he had flown into a violent rage and had chased her, telling her that she was not his child, and that she had no claim upon him. In some strange way this rather pleased Alan. He had very definite ideas as to duty, and it had vexed him that it was his fate to unmask the father of the girl he was to marry. Therefore, Hutchinson's words that she was not his child rather relieved him.

And now there began some months of quiet, uneventful, pleasurable life. Veronica was sweet, gentle, loving, and very beautiful. It was impossible not to become fond of her; and though Alan knew that there were possibilities of love within him which she never drew out, yet he never regretted his chivalry. She was not very useful, but she made a home. She always looked charming and made the rooms pretty with flowers and ornaments. She was always there, too, to talk to him when he wanted to talk, to ride with him when he wanted to ride. She seemed to live simply to give him pleasure. True, he never discussed any serious topic with her, and there was a part of his nature that was still more uneasy at hearing that there was no news of the steamer. But it only lasted four months. Alan and his chief corresponded two or three times a week, but only on business affairs. If Richard Dempster heard a rumor of Alan's living at Santa Rosa as a married man he did not attach much importance to it. Alan was doing such good work that he was almost wasted at such a small center as Santa Rosa. He knew it himself, but he had been grateful for the opportunity of establishing himself there. Now Richard Dempster wished him to go further down the coast, to the growing town of San Lago, to establish a branch of his business there. It was four days' journey by steamer, and Alan thought that the best plan would be to leave Veronica in her own comfortable little house, with her own servants, until he could find a suitable place for her in the new town.

The news of this separation was like a blow to Veronica. She clung so to Alan that it seemed to him that she led no life apart from him. But she made no demur; everything that he said was law to her. She only lifted

a pale face, down which tears were streaming, to her husband, and said: "But not for long, Alan—not for long!" "Not for a week longer than I can help, darling," he said fervently. He, too, would feel the separation; he loved her as one does an affectionate child who idolizes one. She never pretended to be on equality with him, and she was quite content to be just loved by him and petted; but she loved him with all the force of her nature. She saw that if she made any difficulties it would only worry him, and so she made none; but Alan could not but notice that she grew thinner day by day. "Do you mind my going so much, dear little one?" he asked her, on the eve before his departure. They were sitting on the verandah together, on one of those moonlight nights which always reminded Alan of the first time he had seen Veronica. He, too, was feeling sad. His practical nature was easily touched, and his wife's quiet, dignified grief made it more difficult to leave than any noisy demonstration of woe.

"Mind it?" she said, her voice vibrating with passion. "Mind it? You don't know what it is to me! It is like tearing soul from body!" He had not thought she had real depth within her. "If you feel it like that you will make me miserable," he said.

"Will it?" She smiled, as if pleased that she could make him feel miserable. "You will understand when I say that I am pleased, won't you, Alan?"

"My dear child, it is only a matter of weeks! I don't suppose that I shall have been there a fortnight before I shall have found something suitable for you. And then, you know, I have arranged for this house to be taken off your hands, so that you may not have any trouble."

"It is a dear little house!" she said, with half a sigh. "I shall always be grateful to it. It is the only place I have ever been happy in."

He pinched her cheek. Men do not always understand why a woman likes one house and not another. "I shall remember that you like a verandah with flowers round it," he said. "Have you any other likings about a house, Veronica?"

"Only that you must be inside it," she laughed, with rather a pitiful attempt to be merry. "Alan, you must write the instant you arrive, and you must not mind if my letters are short; I write such bad letters."

"But mine must be long—is that it, little one?" She laughed again and then she stopped. "How many days before you get there, Alan, four or five? And you will be on that horrid black water at night! Oh, I hate the thought of it!"

He laughed outright at this. "And I a sea captain's son! Why, I love the water, Veronica! I could willingly spend my life on it!"

The very next day he left. Veronica had exercised all her strength and courage, and she nerved herself to wish him goodbye; but she had dreamed of the man who she had known as father, and that always alarmed her. Still, though she was nervous, she was no coward, so she kept her fears to herself, only she prayed earnestly that no harm might come to her beloved, and she showed him a bright face before she left. Alan accomplished his four days' voyage in safety, and wrote home to his wife constantly. As he had predicted, there was no great difficulty in finding a home which would suit Veronica. He only placed the necessities of life in it, knowing that it would please her to make it pretty. He got servants, and saw that the place was full of flowers; and though his yet began to look forward to the pleasant home life he had enjoyed in Santa Rosa.

"I must not become selfish," he said to himself. "A wife like Veronica, so loving and yielding, makes a man selfish; but I will not be that." He thought how he could make her life fuller, by encouraging her to read and to know more of the outside world. "Just now I fill up her life," he thought. "I may not always be enough for her."

And then at last the day for her departure came. He had booked her berth for her in one of the best of the little coasting steamers—the best was bad, as we reckon steamers—and then he waited for his wife. The weather was stormy, and he was rather uneasy. Veronica would surely be a bad sailor, and she was not very strong just then. He was so little used to think of weather and winds that he was rather astonished to think how nervous he had become. He put it down to his love for Veronica.

Anyhow, he was down at the quay early on the fourth morning, and was still more uneasy at hearing that there was no news of the steamer. He haunted the quay all the next day, rather to the detriment of his work, and at night he could not sleep. Thoughts of Veronica's fears and sufferings intruded themselves. He blamed himself for leaving her, for not having returned to fetch her, although he could not well have left. She had always hated the water and feared it, and he had loved it. The next day he was down at the quay again, trying to get some information about the steamer. In a little while not he alone, but the owners of the boat, began to get frightened. They could get no news. No other boat seemed to have seen anything of her. By and by there were stories of some of the wreckage of a steamer being washed ashore, and at the end of a fortnight the hazy gray day spent his days at the quay looking out for the boat which would never return to the town had to give up all hope. The steamer had assuredly gone down, and all hands with it; and Veronica, his wife, was lost with the others!

And so ended this brief little episode. Alan had been very happy with his

gentle wife, and South America was loathsome to him now. He began to long, with a longing that had been stifled during his brief married life by the drawing out of other parts of his nature, for England and things English. The white, clear moonlight, the scent of the tropical flowers, the soft, dark eyes and liquid accents of the Spanish women, the songs they sang, the very guitars they played, reminded him of his poor Veronica, now lying fathoms deep under the restless sea.

But as she had never stirred the passionate depth of his nature, so her death never drew out passionate grief. He felt lonely, that was all; and the glowing land, where everything was so beautiful and yet seemed so ephemeral, became distasteful to him, so he gladly accepted Richard Dempster's offer to manage the export part of his business in London, and to return to English shores.

In a short time his South American experiences almost faded out of his mind. Veronica became a sweet memory to him, which moonlight nights freshened. He was very successful in his work, and in four years time had gained a good position for himself. He was ambitious, too, and began reading for the bar, which he found he could do together with his work for the firm. And four years after he left South America saw him respected and much made of as any young man of twenty-six might be who is beginning to be known as a man who may become important.

(To be continued.)

Debarred from Royal Presence.
Now and then one hears of society ladies being offered large sums—and accepting them—for presenting an ambitious woman at a drawing room; but money will not always secure of the lord chamberlain's cards of admission. For example, the wife or daughter of a retail tradesman, however large his business and however wealthy he may be, is never allowed to enter the royal presence, and two or three other classes are rigorously barred. There is also an objection to the wives of company promoters. Indeed, when there is a drawing room announced the clerks in the lord chamberlain's office have quite an exciting time in inquiring into the position of those desiring to attend.—London Chronicle.

What We Breathe.
Dr. Edward Smith has made some careful examinations in regard to the inhalation of oxygen and the exhalation of carbon during physical exercise. Allowing the figure 1 to represent the quantity of air inhaled by a man when lying flat, the quantity of air inhaled when he sits is 1.18, when he stands 1.83, when he walks one mile an hour 1.98, four miles an hour 5, and when he runs 6 miles an hour, it is 7. In other words, if a man at rest inhales 180 cubic inches of air per minute, he inhales 2,400 cubic inches when he walks four miles an hour, and 3,600 cubic inches when he walks six miles an hour. The exhalation of carbon increases proportionately.—New York World.

Languages of Polynesia.
A Hawaiian finds it almost impossible to pronounce any word ending in a consonant. Mr. Hale, in his Polynesian grammar says: "In all the Polynesian dialects every syllable must terminate in a vowel, and two consonants are never heard without a vowel between them. It is chiefly to this peculiarity that the softness of these languages is to be attributed. The longest syllables have only three letters, and many syllables consist of a single vowel." Again, no syllable, as a general rule, in the Ba-nu family of African speech can enter in a consonant, but only in vowels.

Sells Statesmen Their Cartoons.
There is a man in Washington who does a flourishing and profitable business in collecting the cartoons of statesmen as they appear in the illustrated daily and weekly newspapers of the country. When he gets together an extensive collection of the caricatures of any particular statesman, he invites the victim thereof to view them, and he usually finds an eager customer at once. It makes no difference whether the fortes or foibles of the subject are illustrated in the pictures—they go at good prices just the same.

Immensity of China.
China and its dependencies have a total area of 4,218,491 square miles and a population of 402,680,000. In area it includes nearly one-twelfth of the total area of the globe, while its population includes nearly one-third of all the people in the world. As compared with the United States, the latter's island possessions being excluded, China has 800,000 more square miles of territory and more than five times as many inhabitants. The population of China proper per square mile is 292; that of the state of Rhode Island is 254, and that of Texas six.

Prince Shocked by Vandeville.
His more or less royal ex-highness, the Prince Kalaminnole, of Hawaii, who is now in New York, went alone to see a vaudeville show there to determine if it was a proper place to take his wife, and though the performance was mild enough from a New York standpoint, he was greatly shocked and decided it would not do for the princess.

Natives Want the Canal.
Ex-President Zaldivar, of Salvador, who recently came to Washington as minister of that country, says the people down there want an interoceanic canal as badly as the United States, and they prefer the Nicaragua route because it would give Salvador an Atlantic port for its markets, something which it has not at present.

Jonathan Edwards' Memorial.
The First Church of Northampton, Mass., will, on June 22, place a tablet upon the walls of its sanctuary in memory of Jonathan Edwards, who was pastor of this church from 1726 to 1766.

MANAGING A CAMPAIGN

(Chicago Letter.)

The respective national headquarters of the two great political parties in Chicago are pretty busy places these days. Both were opened on Aug. 1, which is a month earlier than usual in presidential campaigns. It is said that much more money will be spent than in 1896. This is especially true of the Democrats. Their treasury is fatter by far than it was in 1896. With each succeeding election it has become easier and easier for the managers on both sides to use money bountifully. This does not mean that there is to be a wholesale debauchery of voters. All kinds of politicians agree that the two national committees had at least \$5,000,000 to spend in the fight four years ago, and the same authorities are unanimous in declaring—at the two committees will have fully as much this year. For every dollar that the national committees spend it is a conservative estimate that the state committees of the two parties will spend four, and this will make up the total of \$25,000,000 that the election will cost.

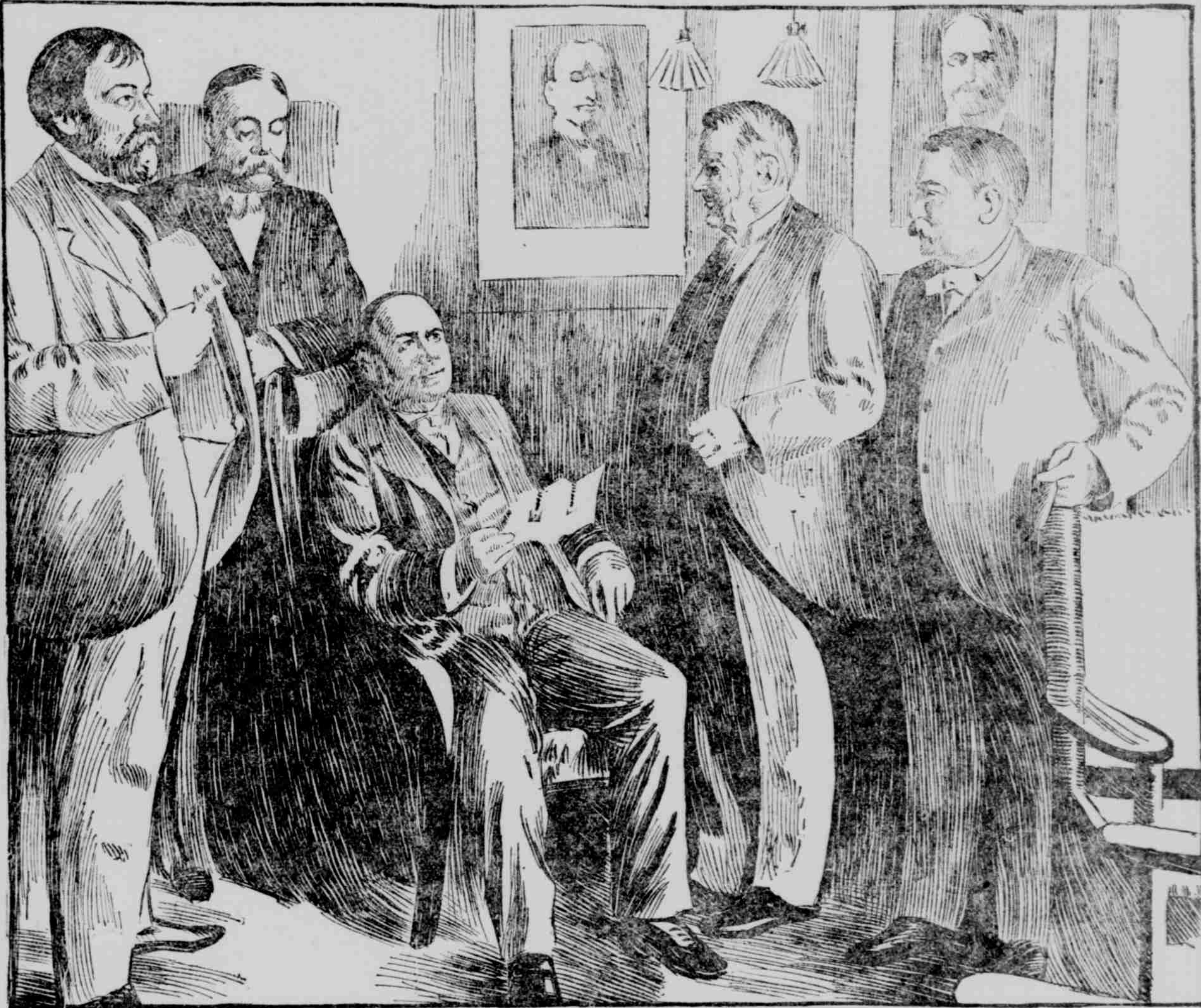
To show where so much money goes, a study of the cost of campaign speeches alone is very instructive. Each national committee spends at least \$500,000 for speeches, and the state committees spend 10 times as

weeks. While the national committee of each party thus will have 5,500 speakers out, the various state committees will have 10 times as many more on the stump. The salaries of speakers engaged by the state committees may be less than those paid by the national managers, but the state committees have to pay the rental of all the buildings in which campaign meetings are held. This item adds tremendously to the total.

One of the most expensive items in the campaign next to the speakers is that of printing and stationery. For this each national committee spends at least \$100,000. The number and size of documents sent out have increased with each campaign, until this year it is expected that the McKinley and the Bryan managers each will send out no less than 100,000,000 documents. Before the Garfield-Hancock campaign was half over the Republicans and Democrats had sent out more than 12,000,000 documents, and this style of campaigning has become more popular with each presidential contest. The bulk of this matter is sent by express to the chairmen of the various state committees for distribution. A great deal of it goes free, being franked from Washington. Speeches delivered in congress by Republicans and Democrats constitute a large

show who of the voters are doubtful, who are inclined to favor Bryan and who lean toward McKinley. The taking of this canvass costs a tremendous sum of money, but the party managers must have it in order to gauge the outlook. They soon discover where their own lines are weakest and where those of their adversaries are strongest. While steps are being taken to insure success at one point and to avert disaster at another, a second and final canvass is begun. This usually is completed two weeks before the election. By that time a large proportion of the doubtful voters have taken sides and can be counted. The result is a canvass which shows with fair clearness the probable result of the election. Once again the managers of the parties search for the important weak spots, deciding the points at which to do the hardest work in the closing days of the campaign.

Some novel campaign methods will be resorted to by the two parties this year. The Republicans already have adopted the plan of sending out a large number of photographs, which will be used in small places. Eloquent party speakers, like representative Dillard of Iowa and Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania have been making speeches into these machines.



much more. This is one item of \$1,000,000. The Republican national committee this year will send out 2,500 speakers from the New York headquarters and 3,000 speakers from the headquarters in Chicago. The Democrats will send out an equal number. These speakers cost on an average \$110 a week, that sum including salaries to the spellbinders and an extra allowance of \$8 a day. Some of the campaign speakers receive salaries as high as \$250 a week, while others are content with \$25 a week and their expenses. The average cost of the speakers to the committee is \$110 a week, and they are on the stump eight

Servia's Queen.
plain of face. She is also a woman of beautiful figure. Young King Ferdinand married her a short time ago against the wishes of his royal parents. Now the wives of diplomats at his court at Belgrade give her the cut direct, and behind her back say unpretty things about her.

Growth of the Button Industry.
The shell or button industry on the upper Mississippi river is growing to enormous proportions. The crew of the Gen. Bernard, a Mississippi freighter, have had occasion to observe this. They report that on a recent down trip between La Crosse, Wis., and Clarksville, Mo., they counted 1,227 men and women in the main channel of the river engaged in getting out shells from the stream. About a year ago they counted only 716. Of course there are a great many in the sloughs behind the islands, etc., that were not

A CONFERENCE OF LEADERS AT REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS.
part of the campaign matter, and Republicans and Democrats alike take advantage of this opportunity to get to the voters speeches favorable to their side of the contest. Each national committee sends out 5,000,000 buttons and 5,000,000 lithographs, all of which are distributed through the state chairmen of the two parties. The respective chairmen of the two great political parties, are organizing machinery for the campaign of 1900 as complete and substantial as though they expected never to do anything else but elect presidents. If they were organizing hundred-year presidential

which they may talk, and they are directed as to how they shall handle their subjects. If it is found that a certain line of argument is received with disfavor in a certain state the speakers in that state are warned to shift their arguments in accordance with new instructions.

No feature of the campaign is watched by the national chairmen more closely than the preliminary and final canvass of the voters. Both parties will soon have under way a canvass of every voting precinct. This will show in a general way how many of the voters favor Bryan and how many favor McKinley. It will also

counted. They estimate that no less than 5,000 people earn a living gathering shells. Just below Dubuque 120 were counted in one patch. Button factories have been established in every town along the river and in Muscatine there are twenty-two. Five or six steamboats of 100 tons capacity do nothing else but tow shells.

Few men of his age were so agile and athletic as secretary Hay. He is past 60, but still indulges in all sorts of exercises, including a fast walk every afternoon. Every morning at 7 o'clock he undergoes massage treatment at the hands of a skilled Swedish operator.

The Russian emperor has contributed the sum of 21,400 rubles from his own pocket toward the study of the flora of European Russia, Siberia, Turkestan, the Caucasus and Crimea.

The Democrats, on the other hand, will make free use of stereopticons. James K. McGuire, chairman of the Democratic state committee of New York, already has arranged to give Democratic stereopticon exhibitions all over the state. He will send out these shows on a schedule in every respect similar to that made by a theatrical manager who puts a show "on the road." The Republicans also will use flags and maps in novel ways. They will send out thousands of maps of the world, showing the American flag floating over Hawaii, Philippines and Porto Rico.

Gen. Von Lessel.
Commander of the German Land Forces in China.

Heath's Successor.
William M. Johnson of Hackensack, N. J., president of the state senate of New Jersey, and a leading lawyer of the state, has been tendered and has accepted the office of first assistant postmaster general, made vacant by the resignation of Perry S. Heath.

Mr. Johnson was born in Newton, N. J., in 1847. His father, Whitfield S. Johnson, was elected for state for New Jersey from 1861 to 1865. The son was graduated from Princeton in 1867. He was admitted to the bar in 1870. After practicing for four years in Trenton, he moved to Hackensack, having married one of the most charming of the Trenton belles, a Miss White. He is counsel for the estate of William Walter Phelps, and has many other great interests in his care.

The seed that never falls. Succeed.

The Smallest Navy



MOORISH GUNBOAT HASSANI.

The smallest navy in the world is that of the sultan of Morocco. It consists of only one ship, the gunboat Hassani, which until recently was the unique position of being a fighting craft without weapons. Its crew was armed, though the boat itself carried

no guns. When, however, the present commander of the Hassani, Captain Bengsen, a Swede, was appointed, he altered all that, and now it is capable of showing a pretty row of teeth, which may be used if the powers attempt any spoliation of Morocco. The

ARMAMENT OF THE HASSANI.

Hassani is a converted merchantman of about 1,000 tons register, built of iron and steel, and chiefly used in conveying the sultan's soldiers from point to point along the Moorish coast, as they do not always dare to travel overland.



W. M. Johnson.